

THE COMING OF CHRISTMAS BRINGS JOY TO DAISY MAY

KRISTMAS journey is almost ended. Just a day or two more, and the merry tinkle of the bells will be audible, and once again the whole world will unite in joyous celebration. It has been more difficult than usual to stem the torrent of expectancy, for, being a year of prosperity, we are hoping the "goods the gods provide" are to be surprisingly superior. Aunt Betty is with us for the holidays, and, though she prates of her philosophy, she finds it as difficult as we to possess her soul in patience. Dear old Patience, the much abused grand old dame, meekly bears the burdens heaped upon her by whimsical, imperious Dorothy, who is fretting and fuming because Christmas day doesn't arrive simultaneously with a mysterious looking parcel bearing a Tiffany hall-mark. Were patience a tangible being the land would be peopled by Dorothys who'd fling her forthright into Niagara's whirlpool—at least at Christmas time.

Each year we are given opportunity to renew our faith in the belief that anticipation is greater than realization, for seldom are our desires fulfilled. To while away the hours Aunt Betty has invented a prophetic device which tells whether it will be "what you do expect," "what you don't expect," "what is sure to come true," and we've held high carnival each night while testing this ingenious amusement time hangs heavily until we took up the subject of the "plain man." "Can women love plain men?" was the question put by one of us a few nights ago at our after dinner seance. Dorothy was noncommittal. Her puckered brow indicated deep thought. A man would have at once realized the momentous importance of her silence, for my brother-in-law is ugly, and a woman guessed shrewdly that love depended not on the relative size of his nose or sparsity of hair, but entirely upon the desirability of the expected Christmas gift. The lady was cogitating how best to

evade answering outright when a mere girl up spoke and relieved the situation. There is no just cause or impediment why a woman should not love a plain man since the average sensible woman—such as, without vanity, I take myself to be—loves a man for his qualities of mind and heart, not for the beauty of his nose or the size of his mouth. As a rule, I think girls flirt with the handsome men and marry the plain ones." Dorothy laughed with glee and winked coquettishly, while the ugly duckling smiled approvingly.

In dead earnest, this is not a theme to be lightly discussed. There is real merit in sounding the depths, though none is so foolish as to dare assert a knowledge of woman's ways and wherefore. There are several reasons impelling love for man in womanhood, and it can scarcely be asserted that the matter of his personal appearance comes first. Perhaps one would place foremost, as the most necessary quality, strength. It may be physical, associated with broad shoulders and a well knit frame, or it may be mental, for women have countless times worshiped puny, ill made specimens of humanity. But strength of a kind there must assuredly be, except in those cases where women bestow a divine and maternal regard on the men of their choice, in which instance it is a godlike pity that has stirred them to the depths of that beautiful mother nature with which the Creator has endowed them.

"Is a man ever plain to the woman who adores him?"

No; rather is it that his very ugliness is a beauty in her fond eyes. The cause is not difficult to discover. A woman only too frequently, as has been remarked by the sage, loves not the man himself, but her idea of him, and it is when she ceases to be swayed by that idea that she sees the man as he is, with the results of a rapid descent. Perhaps, too, it is that a woman is in love with being loved, in which event who

shall say that a very satyr of ugliness may not win her affections?

"Truth is that which a man trotheth," said Bacon, and the man loving where love is hungered for need feel no qualms. The woman will see in him a combination of Hercules and Adonis and thank God for his being.

Aunt Betty, who is a most assertive creature and ever sees things from an extraordinary viewpoint, wound up our animated talk with characteristic preciseness: "Can women love plain men? Well, I think so. A plain man, as a rule, knows he is plain and does his best to be pleasing, not as the 'beauty man' does, with little affirmative tricks of the toilet, but by cultivating some talent that nature has endowed him with. Women, as a rule, look upon beauty as their own particular property and resent a 'beauty man' as having 'punched on their preserves.' They may be amusing to idle an hour or two away with at a dance, but for a right down sensible chat or a husband give me the plain man before the handsome one in the world."

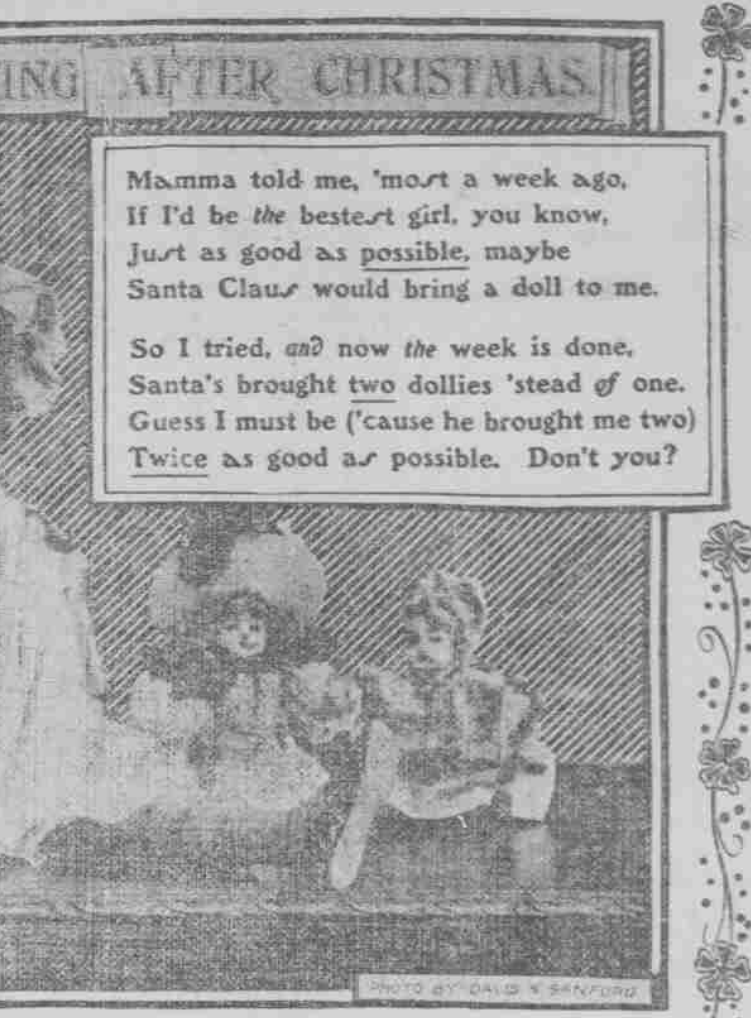
When doing up your Christmas parcels, tie into your cherry ribbon bow-knot a wishbone instead of a sprig of holly. This is the latest whim of the superstitious and brings with it good luck.

Speaking of whims reminds me that I must devote a paragraph to aquillets. The most insistent of the moment is the taffeta or panne bow with metal ends, otherwise known to fame and purse as aquillets. In the days of Charles I and II, from which these quaint bows and silk ties date, they were called tags, but qu'ilimporte ça?—it seems the same thing. Indeed, if we hunt up old books dealing with historical costumes we shall find that it is from the Stuart days we borrow both the tag ends and the embroidering and broiding with gold characteristic of today, only in those days the mere man had his share in such frivolities and sported gold tags and embroidery in his everyday costume. Here is an extract from a book of old costumes:

"A tunic of lavender colored silk braided with gold down the front and sides, trimmed with ribbon bows and tags round the waist. Sleeves slashed white. Deep collar trimmed with lace. Lace wristbands. Breeches braided gold and fastened at the knees with amber ribbon fastened in a rosette. Broad flat hat and feathers."

There is no new thing under the sun, at least in costume, for the instinct for the ornate beginning with Eve ripened and flourished and developed while others of the lesser arts of life had either not been born or were still in their infancy.

The most fascinating of all these taffeta and tag end fads is the stylage



Mamma told me, 'most a week ago, If I'd be the bestest girl, you know, Just as good as possible, maybe Santa Claus would bring a doll to me.

So I tried, and now the week is done, Santa's brought two dollies 'stead of one. Guess I must be 'cause he brought me two! Twice as good as possible. Don't you?

SOCIETY WOMEN AND LITERATURE

LADIES OF WEALTH AND LEISURE WHO HAVE MADE NAMES IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

NEVER have handsome holiday books been so numerous as they are this season. The volumes upon the book counters are not only beautiful in outward appearance, thanks to the skill of artists, designers and binders, but seldom have they been so interesting inwardly. It is to be observed that most of the notable books of the year are from the pens of women; there are Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Eleanor," Molly Elliott Sewall's "The House of Egremont," Gertrude Hall's "April Sewing," Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield's "The Archbishop and the Lady," Katharine Trask's "Lessons in Love," Lillian Bell's "The Expatriates" and scores of others, each in its way attractive and interesting.

A great deal of preliminary booming has been accorded Mrs. Crowninshield's

cently married to Miss Mary Crocker, a millionaire heiress.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger's pen name of Julien Gordon is familiar to two continents. Her husband, the late Colonel S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, was a representative of one of the families of the old New York Knickerbocker aristocracy, and their home on Thirtieth street was a center for a brilliant circle of literary and musical dilettantes from the ultra fashionable set. Mrs. Cruger's first book, "Furitan and Fagan," made a distinct success. After that she published several volumes, among them "The Vampires" and "A Triple Alliance," both of which were well received.

Miss Alice Duer, now Mrs. Henry Wise Miller, was one of the cleverest of magazine writers. She is a daughter of James Gore King Duke of New York and a descendant of the witty and beautiful Lady Kitty Duer of Washington's court. Miss Duer published a few years ago a book of verse which won her much favor with the critics, and since then she has contributed a great deal to the magazines.

The most beautiful poetry which has been written for a long time by an American woman was that published a few years ago by Mrs. Spencer Trask, wife of the banker. The volume was entitled "Under King Constantine." It contains tales of knightly men and noble women told in gracefully flowing verse. The scenes are laid in the romantic period in history following upon the death of King Arthur and the breaking up of his round table.

Not only are the poems exquisite in literary finish, but they are filled with elevated thought and are simple and sincere in expression. The three hero knights, Sanjour, Kathmand and Chrys talin, are splendid types of manhood. The poems were first published anonymously. Their success was so great that the author later affixed her name to them. Of the anonymous writer of the verses Richard Henry Stoddard, himself a poet of a high order, said: "That we have a poet in this writer whose name is not given is evident on every page."

Mrs. Trask's second book was a novel, "John Lightfoot." It too met with a warm reception. Now she has published a collection of short stories called "Lessons in Love" which, while not altogether new to the public, since they previously appeared in the magazines, have already every indication of achieving one of the successes of the season. They are earnest and sincere, two qualities in which even the most brilliant of modern fiction is woefully deficient. The stories show the same masterly touch that characterized her other work, and as the theme is one that is of the widest interest to humanity the readers will doubtless be a large one.

Mrs. Trask was Miss Katrina Nichols, a daughter of one of New York's old time business men. Mr. and Mrs. Trask reside in Brooklyn during the winter, spending the summer at Saratoga Springs, where they have built a handsome residence, surrounded by a spacious park. The beautiful woodlands of the estate they have generously thrown open to the public.

Mrs. John Vinton Dailhert is numbered among the women of letters who have written excellent fiction. Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer of New York, whose story, "The Good Vrouw of Manhattan," dealt interestingly with the Dutch colonial life of Manhattan, is a daughter of the late A. Graham King of Westchester, N. J., and a bride in New York society. In her mature years she has given much time to lit-



Daisy May

New York.

IF ever a man wanted taming, it was Jones. He would always ready with a snarl for everything that was set before him. Scarcely a meal at his table passed without criticism from him.

"What is this meant for?" he would ask after testing an entire life he had racked his brain to think up.

"What on earth is this?" he would say when dessert came on.

"Is this supposed to be a salad?" he would inquire sarcastically when the lettuce was served. His wife stood it as long as she could. One evening he came home in a particularly capricious humor. His wife was dressed in her most becoming gown and fairly bubbled over with wit. They went in to dinner. The soup tureen was brought in. Tied to one handle was a card and on that card the information, in a big round hand, "This is soup."

Roast beef followed, with a placard announcing, "This is roast beef."

The potatoes were labeled, the gravy dish was placarded, the olives bore a card marked "OLIVES," the salad bowl carried a tag marked "Salad," and when the ice cream came in a card announcing "This is ice cream" came with it. The wife talked of a thousand different things all through the meal, never once referring by word or look to the labeled dishes. Neither then nor thereafter did he say a word about them, and never since that evening has the capricious husband ventured to inquire what anything set before him is.

KINDERGARTENS IN JAPAN.

A new and congenial occupation has been opened to Japanese women in the establishment of kindergartens carried on according to western ideas. The Japanese, it is said, have accepted the kindergarten principles with enthusiasm, and thus a new field of work is prepared for Japanese women. Training schools have been founded in different parts of the country, and the girl graduates have opened successful kindergartens of their own. The intellects of the oriental children are just as keen as those of children elsewhere, and they take delight in the play work which involves colors and their combinations, for every Japanese child is born with artistic instincts, and everything in the kindergarten naturally appeals to it. One of the fascinating occupations of the Japanese kindergarten is the raising of silkworms, and finally winding the silk from their own cocoons, and a great feature of interest is the growing of flowers. The children are said to love flowers passionately. What a picturesque scene must be presented in a Japanese kindergarten!

COUNTRIES WHERE WOMEN VOTE.

At the last election women cast their votes for presidential electors in four states—In Colorado, Utah and Wyoming for the second time, in Idaho for the first time. These are the only states where women have full political privileges, but in two-thirds of the states they possess some form of suffrage.

In Europe every nation allows women a vote except Greece, Spain, Portugal, Holland and some German states. On the continent this suffrage is limited, but it is also limited for men. In Great Britain women vote on all questions except the election of members to parliament.

In New Zealand and some portions of Australia women enjoy full political equality with men.

CHRISTMAS THE DAY OF DAYS

By Margherita Arline Hamm

What though the brittle boughs are bare
Which once were garbed in green,
What though the chill December air
A requiem chants unseen,
The great returning sun shall bring—
Earth's treasures back again,
The buds and blossoms of the spring
And summer's golden grain.

II.

What though iniquity appear
To prosper and succeed,
What though the land be chained by fear,
By passion, pride or greed,
The Sun of Light-returning soon
Shall strike each evil throne,
And in the splendor of His noon
The right shall rule alone.

III.

The tide of Yule brings back the sun
With life-inspiring grace
To give his golden benison
Unto the struggling race,
While Christmas brings a greater orb,
Omnipotent in good,
Whose viewless radiance shall absorb
The world in brotherhood.

IN WOMAN'S ARENA.

Cavendish had never appeared in public save in black. Her thin, care-worn face is known by many women who are engaged in charity work, which is now the widow's chief concern.

It is reported that since 1880 62 colleges for girls have been established in France. Previous to that time there were no universities supported schools for the higher education of young women. Of the number mentioned 48 of the institutions are lycées and 14 are colleges. The former all take day pu-

pils, and there were 8,421 enrolled last year, 2,393 young women following courses of study at colleges. Girls of the wealthier families, however, are still educated in convents, as being most exclusive.

Miss Nadine Panner, known in the west as Miss Miller, owns and manages a fine cattle ranch near Waco, Tex. She was an Ohio schoolteacher, was adopted by a wealthy Texan and inherited his property.

Sharing the honor of public attention at present with the new queen of Italy is the Duchess of Aosta, wife of the

present heir to the throne. There is talk in the U.S. for several years past that she has borne it has become King. The Duchess of Aosta is a famous beauty who before her marriage was Princess Helene of Orleans.

After "getting up" ladies do not have them to air in a camp place—round the fire when the kettle is boiling, for instance. This rubs them of their freshness and makes them look limp.

The feast of dolls is the great holiday in the year for little Japanese maidens. It is held on the third day of the third month (March), and the dolls of the

family which have belonged to the grandmothers and mothers are brought out. If a girl baby has been born she is the last feast, a couple of beautiful dolls are bought for her and are reserved till she is old enough to care for them.

The most novel provision made in a will is that of a St. Louis woman that her remains be incinerated and the ashes mingled with those of her husband in the urn where he already reposes.

The following rather startling announcement, made by a housekeeper, has been reprinted from the Boston Gazette of Dec. 18, 1899: "A housekeeper informs those ladies who wish to be dressed by him, either on Assembly or Ball days, to give him notice the previous day. Ladies who engage to, and don't show, must pay him half price."

The famous Bambino di Are Credi, in Rome, is said to be the oldest doll in Christendom, and probably it is almost as old as Christianity itself, for tradition states that it was made from wood taken from the Mount of Olives and that it was painted by St. Luke.

In Polynesia baby girls of a year old

are placed in wicker cages, and in cages they remain until the time they are married. Happily, the children do not seem to mind much, and they grow fat and healthy. At the age of 12 years or thereabout most of the little damsels leave their cages to be married.

The Plymouth of Wales has lately received a fine Royal coat, bred to the house of Prince William, from his sister, the Duchess of Devonshire. The princess had given her the coat when she was a child, and she has several prize winners in the Devonshire kennels.

PLACES THE ROYAL FOOT.

One of the duties of the last chamberlain of England on the occasion of a state concert is as follows: The number of the royal family representing the monarchy occupies the center chair on a raised dais at the end of the room facing the audience. Immediately to the right of the dais is the last chamberlain, seated very solemnly, apprehensive, knees down and gently takes the right foot of the royal lady and runs most gently places it on a crimson and gold footstool. Then the last chamberlain rises.

Many work and has made a special study of the early history of New York and its leading families.

MARGE PORTER.